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"THE PARTY WALL."

Written Respectively by Charles Selby and W. T. Moncrieff.



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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, November 7, 1842.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 4.]

ANTONY (a Gentleman on Town)	Mr. Wright.
CLEOPATRA (a Grisette)	Miss Murray.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Thirty-five Minutes.

No. 602. Dicks' Standard Plays.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK LIBRARY

ANTONY.—Crimson
French grey hussar j.
blue cloak.

CLEOPATRA.—Full b
uttons down the out
sash tied round the w
a black handkerchief t
club, small red and bl

de seams,
aging cap,

with silver
blue silk
shirt, with
glets, and
nd dress.

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

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R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

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CLEOPATRA discovered sleeping, in R. H. chamber, in a chair, with her head leaning against the buffet. She is dressed as a *Debardeur*, with a shawl over her shoulders. Her hat and mask are on the floor. A lighted candle on the table, R. H.

Cleo. (Dreaming she is dancing a gallopade—beats time with her feet, and sings the air—the last figure of the “Danois.”) No, no, no—too fast—too fast! Be quiet, Hussar! don’t squeeze me so—you shan’t—let me go! If you kiss me again, I’ll call murder. Hussar, behave yourself. Ah! will you? (Struggling and calling loudly.) Police! police! (Awakes.) Oh, what a fool! (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! I’m at home! (Rubbing her eyes.) I thought I was at the masquerade at the opera, dancing the gallop with an hussar, who was impertinent enough to kiss me. Ha, ha, ha! (Rises and advances.) Adream is a strange invention. I could have sworn I felt the tickle of a moustache—it was so like reality. Ah! a masquerade is a world of happy dreams. I could live in it for ever! But I’ve been prudent, and have come home in good time. Five o’clock in the morning is very early, considering the fun doesn’t begin till near two. I must have a little sleep, or I shall not be able to finish the shirts and collars I have promised to take home this evening. (Sits, and endeavours to compose herself to sleep.) Oh, dear! we poor sempstresses are worse off than the galley slaves. Work, work, work—morning, noon, and night, and not the slightest recreation. (Sings the air of the last figure

of the “Danois.”) That gallop haunts me—I shall never get it out of my head. (Sings.) And that hussar—I can’t help thinking of him, too. (Sings.) He was very good-looking, and very funny. (Sings.) I wonder if I shall ever see him again. He was rather too free—but at a masquerade—(Sings.) Dear me! Changing her position.) I wish I could go to sleep. I hear the music, and see the people flitting about—there’s a ball going on in my head! (Sings.) If the hussar—but that’s nonsense—I’m going to be married. (Sings, and gradually falls asleep.) He’s really very good—good lock—ing—but—I wish—moustachios—now, hussar!—upon my word—(Sings, and sleeps.)

Antony. (Without, L. H.) Eh? hollo! hollo! I can’t find the keyhole. Somebody has run away with it. Ah, you rascal—there you are at last!

(Opens door L. H., and enters—he is a little intoxicated, and holds a bottle in which is a lighted candle. He throws off his cloak, appears in the costume of an Hussar, and sings in imitation of the Swiss minstrels.)

Variété! variété! variété!

My mountain home, my mountain home.

Udeldi! Udeldi! ho, ho!

My merry mountain home!

(Looking round and laughing.) And a pretty mountain home it is! Ha, ha, ha! Up six flights of stairs, with a splendid bird’s-eye view of a back street, and a magnificent stack of chimneys in perspective. (Reeling.) Hollo! hollo! (Looking at his legs.) Mr. Antony, Mr. Antony, your legs are not fit company for a steady young gentleman. (Addressing his legs.) This comes of keeping late hours, and drinking champagne and other patriotic liquors. (Striking them.) I’m ashamed of you! You are unsupportable, and set a bad example to my head, which has an inclination to dance the cachuca.

(Voices in the street sing a drunken chorus. “Heu, heu, heu! tra la la, la la!”)

Ant. Ah, there goes the peep-o’-daylight boys! (Opens window and looks out.) Ohie! ohie! Chopin, Chiquot! good night, old fellow. (Sings “Heu, heu, heu! tra la la la!”) Keep it up? knock at the doors—let down the lamps, and smash the windows! Ohie! ohie! yo ho, ho ho!

(Shouting and singing.)

(A very gruff voice is heard without.) Hullo!—hullo! Will you be quiet up there, or I’ll call the police!

Ant. The old fogey who lives underneath! I’ll

COSTUME.

ANTONY.—Crimson trousers with broad black leather round the bottoms and inside seams, French grey hussar jacket, powdered wig with long braids and club, small French foraging cap, blue cloak.

CLEOPATRA.—Full black velvet trousers, reaching a little below the calf, ornamented with silver buttons down the outside seams, scarlet stockings, black shoes with small gilt buckles, a blue silk sash tied round the waist in a bow with long ends behind, a white mousseline de laine shirt, with a black handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, a powdered wig, with long braids, ringlets, and club, small red and blue French foraging cap. Sky blue domino and white mask for second dress.

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Ant. The old fogey who lives underneath! I’ll

give him a gallop! Hen, hen, heu!—tra la, la, la, la! *(Sings, and thumps chair on the floor.)*

Voice. (Without.) Hullo!—hullo! Are you coming through the ceiling up there? I'll complain to the landlord!

Ant. (Pours water from jug into basin, and throws it out of the window.) Do—with my compliments!

Voice. (Without.) Eh? Dear me! Murder! You rascal, I'll—I'll—*(Sneezes)*—complain—complain—

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! Good night, old Crusty! My love to your wife! (Noise of carriage.) Eh?—a carriage stopping at our door? The devil! That confounded blue domino has followed me! *(Bawling.)* It isn't here, coachman! Go on!—No. 15 in the next street! It's all right—he's gone! *(Shutting window, and shivering.)* Ough! I'm perishing with cold! I must retreat to my usual calorifier, vulgarly called my bed. *(Goes to bed, turns it down, and shakes bolster.)* It's astonishing the affection we gentlemen, who are not blessed with what the newspapers call "affluence," have for our roosting places; they not only serve us for repose, but decrease our consumption of food and fuel. Oh, that lovely little creature I danced with at the masquerade! What a foot—what a waist! That last gallop—oh! *(Imitates the cornet à piston, and dances the gallop, holding the bolster in his arms for a partner. At the end of the dance he kicks against a folded paper which is on the floor.)* Eh! what's this? *(Picks it up.)* A paper that has been pushed under the door! *(Puts the bolster under his arm, and reads.)* Ah! death and the old gentleman! A notice from the court that my furniture will be seized to-day, for a debt contracted with a rascally tailor. What a reproach on a free country, that a gentleman can't owe a few hundred francs without being forced to pay at his creditor's convenience. Seize my furniture! Bring my beautiful rosewood chairs and tables—my pictures, and my family plate and china to the hammer—shameful! Oh, the cabbaging rascal! If I had you here for five minutes, I'd beat you into apple fritters! *(Beats bolster, then kicks it away.)* There, you scoundrel—I'll teach you to insult a gentleman! Sooner than part with a single article of my valuable property, I'll smash it all to atoms!

(Seizes the boot-jack, and throws it against the door in the partition.)

Cleopatra wakes with a start.)

Cleo. Come in!

Ant. There goes the china!

(Throws plate and cup and saucer against door.)

Cleo. (Rising.) 'Tis a smash in the next room! *(Calling.)* I say, sir—mademoiselle—madame—or whatever you may be—I wish you wouldn't make such a row there! You keep people from sleeping!

Ant. Go along, my good woman—go along! Don't interfere in things that don't concern you!

(Throws another plate.)

Cleo. Hullo!—hullo, there!—I wish you wouldn't! Can't you throw your plates and dishes out of the window?

(She brings forward ironing stove, lights fire with a lucifer, and blows it with the bellows.)

Ant. Ah! 'tis the little shirt-maker I have so often heard singing at her work! (Sings in imitation.) Good morning, neighbour! How do you do? I hope you are pretty well?

Cleo. Pretty well, thank you! Good night!

(Blowing at stove, on which she places the irons.)

Ant. I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, have I? (Kneeling on chair, and rocking it.)

Cleo. No—you are quite a stranger.

Ant. Ah, I'm sorry for that. Never mind—if you should be taken ill at any time, call for me, and I'll come and comfort you.

Cleo. Much obliged. (Brings down ironing table.) I sha'n't trouble you. *(Blows fire.)*

Ant. Not the slightest trouble. (Goes to door in partition.) She's lighting her fire! *(Knocks at the door.)* Neighbour?

Cleo. Well, what's the matter—what do you want?

Ant. Can you oblige me with a light?

Cleo. No. You are very impertinent to disturb me so. I won't answer you any more.

(Tries heat of iron.)

Ant. Oh, don't be so unsociable, my little darling. There is only the door between us—let me break through the feeble barrier, and on my knees sue for pardon and— *(He shakes door.)*

Cleo. Ah, you had better leave that alone. If you try to open it, I'll alarm the house. (Aside.) I've often thought that door remarkably dangerous. *(Irons a collar.)*

Ant. (Lights a cigar.) Good night, my love. Pleasant dreams.

Cleo. Thank you. (Aside.) Masquerades—hussars—monstachios *(Aloud.)* Good night.

Ant. Good night. But I'm not going to bed yet. When one has danced for two, and supped for four, a cigar is an indispensable night-cap. (Blows smoke through keyhole.) Smoke not disagreeable, I hope?

Cleo. Not at all—I like it! I smoke my—ahem! good night. (Aside.) His allusion to supper puts me in mind that I am hungry.

(Goes to buffet, cuts a slice of bread, and covers it with raspberry jam.)

Ant. (Aside.) I'll have another try to bring her out! *(He sits on bed and throws a plate at door in partition.)* Slips! I beg pardon, neighbour—quite an accident. You break something, and we shall be quits.

Cleo. Pshaw! I'm not so foolish.

(In putting the loaf into the buffet she knocks down a plate.)

Ant. Ah! thank you, my love—I'm eternally obliged.

Cleo. He thinks I broke it on purpose, Oh, the fool!

(Laughs loudly, and thumps the table with her iron.)

Ant. (Knocks against door.) Come, I say—mademoiselle, or madame, or whatever you may be, I wish you wouldn't make such a row—you keep people from sleeping."

Cleo. There's impudence! yet I can't help laughing at him. (Approaches the door.) I wonder if he is good looking.

Ant. My merry neighbour ought to be pretty. (They both look through the keyhole at the same time.) No effects. It is plugged on the other side.

Cleo. Not a glimpse! it is stopped up with putty.

(Goes to table, puts down the slice of bread and jam and continues her ironing.)

Ant. I'm rather near-sighted. (Takes a telescope from under the bed, kneels, and places it at the key-

hole.) I'll bring her down with a long shot! No go! I won't give her up. I'll get her into conversation. Madame—

Cleo. Mademoiselle.

Ant. Ah! I'm delighted to hear that. Mademoiselle, can you inform me what o'clock it is by your watch! Mine has gone down.

Cleo. (*Sits herself at the corner of table, and eats the bread and jam.*) Sorry I can't oblige you, for mine's gone up—ahem—I mean, down, too.

Ant. Another failure! Here goes again. Madame—

Cleo. Mademoiselle. (*Eating.*)

Ant. I beg pardon, mademoiselle—I think you said you were—

Cleo. Well, upon my word, you are a very inquisitive person. Hadn't you better ask me if I'm handsome, or ugly, short or tall, thin or stout, light or dark, young or old, rich or poor, and anything else that may strike you.

Ant. Certainly, such is my intention; but by way of preface, allow me to give you a slight sketch of myself. I am light, handsome and thin, like a fashionable novel in a single volume—my name is known in history, my profession is liberal, and I am got up by a good tailor, regardless of expense.

Cleo. I'll be equally candid. I am a young lady of independent fortune, and my father was an officer in the king's household. (*Aside.*) A footman!

Ant. I have just left the masquerade at the Opera.

Cleo. So have I.

Ant. Where I amused myself in glorious style.

Cleo. So did I!

Ant. I danced the cachucha, and the can-can.

Cleo. So did I—ahem!—no, no—I mean, I didn't.

Ant. You did—you did! Ah, if you should be my little lighterman.

Cleo. (*Aside.*) Heavens, my hussar! (*Aloud.*) What lighterman?

Ant. A merry fascinating little devil that I followed all night—an angel in velvet trousers, who set my heart on fire! Ah, I think I see her now, with her hands in her pockets, and her head thrown saucily aside, as she started in the gallop with the left foot in advance. (*As he speaks, Cleopatra takes the positions.*) She interested me to such a point, madame—I beg pardon, mademoiselle—that I offered her my hand and fortune in the vast arena of the Opera House, before several hundreds of Pierrots, Turks, and Tartars—but, whiz! she slipped through my fingers like an eel, and disappeared in a cloud.

Cleo. (*Forgetting herself.*) No, no—a hackney coach,

Ant. What; it was you.

Cleo. (*Laughs loudly.*) Good night, neighbour.

Ant. Oh, my dear angel—my lovely neighbour—my adored little lighterman! Oh, you little crocodile! (*Bawling through keyhole.*) Seraphine, I demand you in marriage.

Cleo. Already! I ask three hours to consult my family, and make inquiry into your character. But I have already a good deal of information regarding you.

Ant. What information, Pamela, my angel? Explain, dear Caroline—

Cleo. (*Goes to door in partition.*) Faithless hussar! the sky blue domino—

Ant. Ah, did you see me? Pardon, dear Clotilde—

Cleo. (*Sits herself with back to door in partition.*

eating bread and jam. Aside.) Seraphine, Pamela, Caroline, Clotilda! What will he call me next, I wonder? (*Aloud.*) Well, monster?

Ant. When you ran away from me I was wandering about in despair, when the confounded sky blue domino threw herself into my arms. "Allons, hussar!" said she, "gallop!" Away she dragged me, and on we went, like devils in a whirlwind!

Cleo. (*Sings the air of the gallop.*) Well, Timoleon—

Ant. Antony!

Cleo. La, how very odd! I'm Cleopatra.

Ant. Indeed! Extraordinary genealogical coincidence! We are bound to imitate our great prototypes. They had no wall between them. (*Shaking door.*) Let us be historically correct.

Cleo. No, no, no! Historians differ. If you presume to touch the door again, I've done with you for ever. (*Eats.*) Go on about the domino—

Ant. Cruel Aspasia! Well, during the dance, I perceived my partner had a small elastic waist, and a remarkably pretty foot!

Cleo. (*Looking at her feet.*) After all you said of mine! Faithless hussar!

Ant. Forgive me, fair Queen of Egypt—my perfidy has been punished. When the gallop was over, I asked my domino to take a glass of punch.

Cleo. A la Romaine?

Ant. No—rum.

Cleo. (*Pours water from bottle into tea-cup and drinks.*) It's remarkably nice!

Ant. It's astonishing how our tastes assimilate. Dear Chloc— (*Shaking door.*)

Cleo. Hussar, remember—behave yourself. Go on with your romance.

Ant. She accepted several glasses of the treacherous fluid. Of course I kept her in countenance. By degrees we grew animated, sentimental, and affectionate. Still she persisted in remaining incognito. Finding all my entreaties useless, I had recourse to stratagem. I watched her in a looking-glass, and as she turned and lifted her mask to imbibe the punch, had a view of her face. Imagine my horror, dear Chloc, she was as old as the hills—a grandmother of sixty, at the very least.

Cleo. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! poor hussar! What a fool you must have looked—ha, ha ha!

Ant. My passion was cooled in an instant. With one bound I cleared the table and gained the street, when I took to my heels, and never stopped till I got home.

Cleo. What a miraculous escape!

Ant. It was, indeed—and I've had another just now. The old Jezabel followed me in a hackney coach, and if I had not persuaded the driver he had mistaken the house, she would have come upstairs, and then I don't know what would have become of me!

Cleo. You deserve to be forced to marry her, as a punishment for your perfidy to me. Didn't you swear that I was the only being you could ever love? Faithless hussar!

Ant. I did—I did, fair sylphide! But you ran away and left me in the middle of the dance!

Cleo. You were getting too affectionate, hussar. You had no business to kiss people on so short an acquaintance.

Ant. I wished to keep up my character, and saluting is a military manoeuvre. You owe me a gallop, Celestine, and I must beg you to name an early day to pay it.

Cleo. You shall have it now. (*Removes table.*)

Ant. Ah! (Running to door, and trying to open it.) My angel!

Cleo. No, no—imagine the wall away.

Ant. Impossible! I'm a materialist, and hate the ideal. (Shaking door.)

Cleo. Hussar, I insist! Another shake, and I call for assistance! Now—are you ready?

Ant. Tormentor! Are you still in costume?

Cleo. Yes, wig, and everything.

Ant. I'm the same.

Cleo. Now then, *en place*—face the wall, and off we go!

(They place themselves at the extremity of the stage, facing each other, and go through a gallopade—which is played in the orchestra)—Antony pretending that he holds a lady, and Cleopatra that she is held by a gentleman.)

Ant. (Speaking through the music.) Oh, you dear little devil!

Cleo. Hussar, behave yourself—don't squeeze me so!

Ant. (Striking the partition.) Confound the wall!

Cleo. Be quiet, hussar! I'll call murder! Let me go—let me go—

Ant. Only one kiss—only one—

Cleo. Very well—take it!

Ant. (Smacking his lips, in imitation of a kiss.) Oh!—bless you!

(At the end of the dance Cleopatra falls into a chair, and Antony throws himself on the bed, and kicks and tumbles.)

Cleo. Oh, I'm quite exhausted. Waiter? A glass of champagne!

Ant. A bottle!—a bottle, and a bowl of punch! (Jumping from the bed, and going to door in partition.) Lighterman!

Cleo. Hussar!

Ant. Since you won't allow this door to be opened, I'll go out and try the other in the passage—

Cleo. Do—at your peril! (Bolts c. d.)

Ant. (Aloud.) On second thoughts, I won't. (Aside.) I have a better plan. The last gentleman who lodged here left behind him a bunch of skeleton keys. I'll try the soothing system.

(Searching in table drawer.)

Cleo. He's so quiet, I'm afraid he's meditating mischief!

Ant. (Goes on tiptoe to door in partition, and puts in key.) Now for an agreeable surprise!

Cleo. (Alarmed.) Ha! he is picking the lock! Hussar, I alarm you to desist! I won't. Hussar—hussar! don't be foolish. He perseveres! What will become of me? Ah—(Struck with a sudden thought)—the blue domino! I'll frighten him away.

(Opens buffet, takes out a blue domino, and exit by door at back.)

Ant. (Trying to unlock door.) Forgive me, dearest angel, I am desperate. Confound the key—it won't turn! Don't be cruel, Emmeline. I shall never make it answer! Speak to me, light of my soul! I should never do for a housebreaker. Lighterman! Cleopatra! Sylphide! The key won't work—I'll break open the door! (Seizes chair, and is about to break open the door, when a knock is heard without l. e. l. h.) Eh? a knock at my door! Who the deuce can it be? (Knock again. Bawling.) I'm not at home! Ah, perhaps the dear creature has relented, and wishes to surprise me.

It must be so! (Running to l. h. d.) Come in, light of my heart—come in! (Opens door—CLEOPATRA disguised in a blue domino, and a white mask enters.) The blue domino. I'm assassinated!

Cleo. (Speaking in an assumed voice, with great affectation.) Antony, dearest—support me, or I shall fall.

(She throws herself into his arms and pretends to faint.)

Ant. Devil take the old tabby! (Giving a chair.) Here—here, sit down, you old hyena—sit down.

Cleo. Where am I? (Pushing her into chair.) (Looking round wildly.)

Ant. Oh, you know well enough. Up six flights of stairs, in the Rue Chamont.

Cleo. Ha! memory returns to me. A masquerade—a gallop—an hussar—punch à la Romaine—

Ant. Which you took a pretty good whack of, old mermaid!

Cleo. It is not a dream—the dear youth is here! Come to my fluttering heart!

(Trying to embrace him.)

Ant. No, no—sit down, and don't agitate yourself. (He pushes her into chair.) What the devil shall I do with her?

Cleo. Oh, Tony, dear—how could you desert me so cruelly? (Sobs.)

Ant. Tony, dear! Familiar old poreupine! Come, come—(Shaking her)—no nonsense. The champagne has got into your head. You had better go home, and go to bed.

Cleo. I am at home. Cruel hussar! didn't you swear to me eternal constancy? Your perfidy has nearly broken my heart. You are my first and only love—the realization of my girlish dreams. You swore you loved me, and I took a hackney coach—and—and— (Sobbing.)

Ant. What, madame? In the name of all that's damnable—what?

Cleo. I—I have come home!

(Throws herself into his arms.)

Ant. Horrible old vampire! She'll send for her boxes, and mark her dresses with my name.

Cleo. (Passionately.) I care not for wealth—you are my only treasure. I could starve with you in alone hut on a desolate heath! (Looking round, and speaking in her natural voice.) Dear me, what a hole! You are not overburdened with furniture, hussar. (Resuming her affection.) And though all the world forsake us, we would be rich in love.

Ant. Yes, yes. (Aside.) How can I escape from her?

(Going to door in partition, and trying to turn key.)

Cleo. (Stopping him.) Hussar!

Ant. Domino!

(Puts his hand behind him, and tries to turn key.)

Cleo. Have you nothing pleasant to say to me?

Ant. Nothing that I can immediately recollect.

Cleo. Have you forgot the pretty feet, and the taper waist you admired so much?

(Shows her feet, and crosses to l. h., holding the domino round her to show her figure.)

Ant. No, no. It's astonishing! Anybody might swear she was young. Cinderella might envy her feet, and Venus her figure. The age of women, like that of poultry, is only to be told by their

beaks. If I could open this confounded door I should be safe.

(Working at door with his hand behind him.)

Cleo. Hussar.

Ant. (Pulling away his hand.) Domino!

Cleo. You don't seem glad to see me. Shall I take off my mask?

Ant. No, no! (Putting his hand behind him, and turning key.) One dose is enough! It turns—it turns!

Cleo. Say but one kind word, dear Tony—say—

Ant. (Opening door, and dashing through into the next room.) Good night!

Cleo. (Bolts the door in partition, places her back against it, and laughs.) Victory—victory! Ha, ha, ha! Tho bolt is on this side, and I am safe! Will you have another gallop, hussar? Ha, ha, ha! Why didn't you let me take off my mask? Oh, you fool! Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. (Shaking door.) I shall commit suicide! Caroline, lend me one of your razors!

Cleo. Take the bread-and-butter knife—you'll find it in the closet! (Antony thumps the buffet with his fist.) Hullo!—hullo! Don't break my valuable glass and china!

Ant. Rosalie, my angel, I'm distracted—mad!

Cleo. Put on a strait waistcoat, and have your head shaved! Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. Cruel Chloe! Do not trifle with my sufferings! Open the door, or I'll jump out of window!

Cleo. You can't! It's a skylight! Ha, ha, ha! Keep quiet till eight o'clock, and I will release you!

Ant. No, no! I must and will—(A knock is heard at centre door, R. H. room.) Eh? (Whispering through keyhole to Cleopatra.) Somebody's knocking at your door!

Cleo. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't answer. A man in my room, my character would be lost for ever!

A very hoarse voice. (Without.) Cleopatra! Cleopatra!

Ant. A gentleman who seems to have a very bad cold, is asking for you.

Cleo. 'Tis Mr. Coquillard, my intended husband. Pray be quiet, or I'm ruined.

Ant. Your intended husband? Oh, Julie—(Groaning through keyhole.)—oh, come to my funeral! (Knocking at door.)

Voice. (Without.) Are you asleep, my angel?

Ant. He wants to know if you are asleep. I'll have him in, and give him a taste of the bread and butter knife.

Cleo. No, no. Pray be quiet.

Voice. (Without.) Why don't you answer, my darling duck? Chloe—Chloe, my love—Chloe!

Ant. (In a whisper to Cleopatra.) He calls you his darling duck—I can't stand that! (Aloud, in a very gruff voice, as if waking from sleep.) Hollo, hollo, hollo—who's there?

Cleo. (Sinking into a chair.) Ah, I am settled!

Voice. (In a tone of surprise.) Eh? dear me! I wanted a young lady called Cleopatra.

Ant. She doesn't live here now. She has removed.

Voice. Removed?

Ant. Yes. Go down to Number Nine—on the fifth floor.

Voice. Thank you, sir; I am very much obliged! Number Nine?

Ant. Yes—next door to the pork shop.

Voice. (At a distance.) Thank you—thank you!

Ant. (Bawling.) Make my compliments! Ha, ha, ha! (Throws himself into the broken chair.) Poor devil! Ha, ha, ha! (Chair breaks—he falls.) Hullo!—hullo! Caroline, my love, your chairs are very rickety!

Cleo. Do you know what you've done, sir?

(Thumping at the door in a passion.)

Ant. I've nothing for you, good woman! Go down to Number Nine! Ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. This is beyond bearing! Hussar!

Ant. Lighterman!

Cleo. You have lost me a husband

Ant. I'll find you another!

Cleo. Where?

Ant. (Striking his breast.) Here!

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. Refulgent! I love you—you love me—

Cleo. Love you? Hussar!

Ant. Lighterman!

Cleo. Go on!

Ant. Let us be married.

Cleo. Oh, good gracious—

(Falls into chair, and pretends to faint.)

Ant. Eh? what? Do you make any remark?

Cleo. Eh? no. Go on.

Ant. I've a large fortune.

Cleo. In the bank?

Ant. No—in perspective. A light heart, and a thin—coat and waistcoat.

Cleo. Just like me.

Ant. Oh, we were made for each other!

(A knock at L. H. D.)

Cleo. (In a whisper through keyhole.) There's somebody knocking at your door.

Ant. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't answer. A woman in my room—my character would be lost for ever!

Voice. (Without.) Open in the name of the law—

Cleo. (Alarmed.) The police have come after you. Oh, hussar! what have you done?

Ant. Only a rascally tailor. They've come to seize my furniture, and everything that belongs to me.

Cleo. (Alarmed.) Oh, dear! then they'll seize me!

Ant. Ah! transporting confession—you are mine!

Cleo. Yes, yes—dear hussar!

Voice. (Without. Knocking.) Will you open the door?

Ant. At such a moment? unfeeling scoundrels! (Struck with a sudden thought.) Ah! Cleopatra, my angel, open the door! I'll remove the furniture into your room.

Cleo. Into my room!

Ant. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. Bright!

Cleo. Go on.

(She unbolts door—ANTONY passes into room, and embraces her.)

Ant. Lovely sylphide!

Cleo. (Pushing him away.) Hussar!

Ant. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. Bright!

Cleo. Go on

Voice. (Without. Knocking.) If you won't open the door we'll force it!

Cleo. Quick, quick—remove the valuables. Where are they?

(They run about in confusion, and carry the various articles of furniture into R. H. room.)

Ant. First, my best friend.

(Rolls up the bed clothes and throws them into R. H. room. Cleopatra takes away bolster. Antony rolls up the mattress, and carries it into R. H. room. As he returns he meets Cleopatra carrying a chair. Embracing her.)

Oh, my darling!

Cleo. Hussar!

Ant. What does it matter? We are going to be married!

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. Bright!

Cleo. Go on!

(Antony in removing the table lets the drawer fall out, and discovers a variety of articles—a pasteboard nose, a penny trumpet, two or three knockers, a red herring, a pack of cards, &c., &c. He picks them up in confusion.)

Cleo. (Dragging a trunk towards R. H.) What's in this trunk?

Ant. My linen.

Cleo. (Taking out a collar, and showing the empty box.) Is this all?

Ant. The rest is at the wash. (Meets Cleopatra and embraces her.) Oh, you divinity!

Cleo. Hussar!

Ant. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. Bright!

Cleo. Go on.

Ant. My looking-glass—

Cleo. (Taking down a small looking-glass from window, and giving it to Antony.) Here, here—take care of it yourself.

Ant. My bootjack—my crystal fountain—

(Taking water-bottle.)

Cleo. (Gives him a backgammon board, which he puts under his arm.) Your library—

Ant. Thank you. Oh, you angel!

(Embraces her—lets fall the bootjack and the backgammon board—the men fall out.)

Cleo. Hussar!

Ant. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. Bright!

Cleo. Go on.

(Antony folds up the bedstead, and removes it—Cleopatra takes off the chimney from stove, and is going R. H. Antony stops her.)

Ant. No, no—that belongs to the landlord! (Puts it and stove across doorway, L. H.) We'll leave them something.

(Throws a plate against door at back, runs into R. H. room, and locks door. The knocking at L. H. D., which must be kept up during Scene) grows louder.)

Ant. (Embracing Cleopatra.) Oh, you dear little devil!

Cleo. Hussar!

Ant. I am going to marry you!

Cleo. Honour?

Ant. (Looking at audience.) With our friends' consent?

Cleo. (To audience.) You won't object? Go on!

(At this moment the door L. H., is forced open, two bailiffs enter, fall over the stove, and roar "Murder! Murder!")

CURTAIN.

First produced at the Olympic Theatre, March 13th, 1821.

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[See page. 11.]

[illegible]

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Fifty Minutes.

BROADCLOTH.—Cocked hat, and white bush wig; brown coat, buff waistcoat, brown breeches, speckled silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles,

QUICK.—Bath morning dressing gown, white waistcoat, blue trousers, silk stockings, pumps.

LUCY.—First dress: Clear muslin, trimmed with light blue ribbon. Second dress: Crimson figured satin, trimmed with lace.

MRS. TRIMMER.—*First dress*: Slate-coloured cotton body and skirt, trimmed with pink, white full sleeves, pink head-dress. *Second dress*: The same as Lucy's first.

Broad. I forgot my measures, lovee. But I forget everything while I am with you, you little rogue, I do. Oh, here they are! (*Takes measures off the table.*) Hey, bless me! why what have you been doing with all your clothes here?

Lucy. I—I was looking for a favourite dress. One can't well get married, you know, before one sees that all one's things are right.

Broad. Certainly not. Oh, she has an excellent idea of matters. You've a wardrobe fit for a princess, you jade, you have. This cupboard will soon be too small for it. Let me see—

(*Going to look.*)

Lucy. What, sir? for shame!

Quick. What are they about? The aperture being open, if I listen attentively, I can hear all they say. (*Listens at the aperture.*)

Broad. Now you are angry, lovee. Come, come, guardee did not mean to offend. Give me a kiss, and let us make it up:

(*Lucy holds her cheek to him, and he kisses her.*)

Quick. (*Listening.*) Death and the devil! he's kissing her. Why didn't the scoundrel break his neck down-stairs?

Broad. What's that about scoundrels breaking their necks down-stairs?

Lucy. Only Mr. Quick scolding his servant, I suppose.

Broad. He must be bellowing very loud, for us to hear him so plain.

Quick. The infernal villain! but I'll teach him a trick worth two of it.

Broad. Pretty language, upon my word. But I must be off again. Good-bye, darling—good-bye. Don't let a soul cross the threshold of that door while I am out.

Lucy. You may depend on me: I have no sort of occasion to break your injunctions. I have pleasure enough without.

Broad. Oh, the darling! Good-bye. But I must take another kiss—your lips are like a fresh seam, all the better for being pressed.

(*Kisses her, and exit.*)

Quick. He's at it again! I can't stand another.

Lucy. Now, my dear Quick!

(*Draws back the curtain.*)

Enter QUICK, through aperture.

Quick. I can bear this restraint and tantalization no longer—why the old villain was kissing you!

Lucy. Only on the cheek.

Quick. Cheek! damme, he shouldn't touch the tip of your ear. Listen to me, my adorable! I have obtained my friends' consent to our union, have procured the license, and now, nothing is wanting but your consent.

Lucy. Yes, my guardian's; without which I lose all my fortune.

Quick. That we'll soon obtain. We'll force him out of it—cheat him out of it—anything, rather than be balked. Mine, I am determined, you shall be this very day, though I should kill him, and run away with you to accomplish it!

Lucy. Run away! that I will never do!

Quick. You do not love me, then?

Lucy. More than I ought to do—Pyramus and Thisbe, there, will bear witness to that.

(*Pointing to aperture.*)

Quick. (*Kneeling.*) Why, then, refuse to become my wife?

Lucy. I do not refuse, but—

Enter MRS. TRIMMER into Quick's room.

Mrs. T. Where is Mr. Quick? not here! eh? bless me, what do I see?—my secret door discovered! if he should have found my smuggled lace! Heyday! what doings are these?

Quick. (*Rising hastily.*) Confusion! Mother Trimmer!

Lucy. We're lost?

Mrs. T. Here's pretty goings on, to take place in the house of a person of my character, and in a decent neighbourhood like this. My reputation's gone for ever if I don't put a stop to it all.

Quick. My dear Mrs. Trimmer—for heaven's sake, do not create any disturbance.

Mrs. T. Not create any disturbance! there's a pretty request! he knocks a hole in my wall large enough for a waggon to drive through, and then asks me not to create any disturbance! Makes loves to me, and gets my favourite room from me to intrigue with a tailor's ward in, and then asks me not to create any disturbance. I'll pull the house down about your ears! I'll alarm all the neighbours! raise the whole parish, and—

Quick. Let me speak a speak a reasonable word or two to you, and then do what you like.

Mrs. T. Reasonable words, after you've paid your addresses to me so long! No, sir, no reason for me—I'll hear nothing but love. Reason, indeed!

Quick. It is true I was in love with you—but we're all liable to change, you know.

Mrs. T. Love! you never were in love with me—you only talked me out of my room to carry on your wicked proceedings, but I'll soon put a stop to it. In one hour, young gentleman, you shall be the talk of the whole neighbourhood; and as for you, miss, honest Mr. Broadcloth, your guardian, shall soon be made acquainted with your tricks.

Quick. And what good, my dear Mrs. Trimmer, will all this do? Do you think I shall keep your secret, when you reveal mine; and restore you the contraband goods I've discovered, much less give you this purse of sovereigns which I hold in my hand?

Mrs. T. Eh? what secret? what contraband goods? a purse of sovereigns?

Quick. Yes, fifty.

Mrs. T. That, indeed, alters the case. Some wicked enemy of mine has hid the contraband goods there to ruin me. We must all yield to circumstances—but my reputation—

Quick. Will be inevitably lost—should the Excise once hear of this.

Mrs. T. True; and as I suppose you are going to marry the young lady, and will not prove ungrateful when you obtain possession of her fortune, why—why—

Quick. You'll assist us all in your power. You shall have the making of all the wedding-dresses.

Mrs. T. Well, it's a bargain. I never like to be too severe—young lovers always find a friend in me.

Quick. (*Aside.*) Yes, when they can pay you for being so.

Mrs. T. Besides, I was young myself once; and Miss is an orphan, and I'm so tender-hearted, and—you're sure there's fifty guineas there?

Quick. Take them and see.

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Quick!

Quick. Come, come, no ceremony!

Mrs. T. The consciousness of doing a good action

is a sufficient reward; but, however, since you are so pressing—
(Takes the purse.)

Quick. Besides, you know that you've an eye to Broadcloth yourself; therefore it was only an act of friendship my removing such a rival as Lucy here. Though he once refused you on the score of age, when he finds I have taken his ward off his hands, he'll jump mast high to have you.

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Quick! 'tis true, that our houses joining each other, an union in our persons might be desirable, but—

Quick. Follow my instructions, and if he doesn't lay his shears at your feet within four-and-twenty hours, say I know nothing of the tender passion, that's all.

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Quick! you have such a persuasive way with you. I had made up my mind to pass the remainder of my days in widowhood, weeping over the memory of my three departed lords; but as Providence seems so particularly to point out a fourth, why—

Quick. You thank Providence, and accept its offer.

Lucy. (Who has been watching at the window.) Mr. Quick—Mrs. Trimmer—away, for Heaven's sake! my guardian is coming down the street!

Quick. Then sharp's the word! Come along, my dear Mrs. Trimmer. Good-bye, my love, for the present; he'll not stay long, and then—

Lucy. Away, away!

[Exit Mrs. Trimmer and Quick through the opening—Lucy putting the clothes in, and drawing the curtain. Broadcloth knocks—Lucy opens the door—he enters.]

Broad. I just stepped in to tell my darling that Mr. Quick's order is completed, and I'm going to take it home; then I'll return to my charmer, and pass the evening with her. You must have been very lonely since I've been out.

Lucy. I've amused myself the best way I could.

Broad. Pretty innocent! but the sooner I go, the sooner I shall be back. So: once more, good bye for the present, duckee.

[Exit Broadcloth.]

Lucy. Good bye! the important moment approaches. Let me hasten directly. (Passes through the aperture.) My dear Quick! I have just popped in to inform you that my guardian will be here instantly!

Quick. With the dress—I have heard all. He is very anxious to see my lady, as he calls her—his longing shall be satisfied—he shall see her.

Lucy. How?

Quick. He shall see you, my angel. Leave all to me.

Lucy. Do not dare too much. My heart is throbbing with a thousand anxious fears.

Quick. Don't be afraid—all will be well. My dear Mrs. Trimmer, take this trembling girl of mine into your own room, let her slip on one of your gowns and another cap, and then do me the favour to accompany her back again.

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Quick! anything to assist virtuous love. This way, my dear Miss Lucy.

[Exit Mrs. Trimmer and Lucy, through 2nd door.]

Quick. Now, then, to replace Master Pyramus—I hear the tailor coming up the stairs. (Replaces the picture—Broadcloth knocks at the first door in

Quick's room.) That's his knock, let me just prepare myself to receive him.

(Throws himself on a sofa, and, taking a book, pretends to read.)

Enter BROADCLOTH.

Come in!

Broad. Your most obedient, sir. Agreeably to your honour's orders, I have brought home the riding-habit your honour ordered for your honour's lady.

Quick. Very good. Put it down, Broadcloth—put it down.

Broad. As a master of my art, I must be allowed to observe to your honour, that not having measured the lady myself, I don't know whether it may fit her exactly.

Quick. Oh, I dare say it will do. The lady was absent at the time I ordered it, but being here now, we can soon see—it's easily altered you know. My dear! step down a few minutes, will you?

(Calling.)

Broad. (Aside.) I shall have a peep at her, then, after all. What a lucky tailor I am!

Quick. You are a fortunate man, Mr. Broadcloth, to be always attending on the ladies, and administering to their beauty. Really, yours is a very enviable profession.

Broad. Why, yes; I have the felicity of measuring almost every handsome girl in the parish.

Quick. To the envy of many a lover, I'll be sworn. You see this picture—"Pyramus and Thisbe." Had Pyramus been a lady's tailor, like you, he needn't have bored a hole through the wall, to whisper to his sweetheart.

Broad. A hole through the wall! Ha, ha, ha! that was a funny contrivance, faith.

Quick. Yes. They were neighbours' children; but poor Thisbe had an ugly old guardian, who watched her like a dragon, and so they were obliged to communicate—

Broad. Through a hole in the wall, eh? A deuced good joke, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! But the guardian must have been a precious stupid old fool, that he didn't discover it.

Quick. He was—a most consummate ass! Ha, ha, ha!

Broad. Oh, he must have been; and deserved to be tricked for his pains. Ha, ha, ha!

Quick. It is laughable, 'faith; but here comes my intended.

Enter LUCY, in a different dress—MRS. TRIMMER showing her in.

My dear love—honest Mr. Broadcloth has brought home your new riding-habit, and wishes to try it on.

Broad. Yes, madam. Not having had the felicity of measuring you for it, I—zounds, who the devil is this? my Lucy!

Quick. Mr. Broadcloth, why don't you try on the dress?

Broad. Try the devil! How came you here, miss.

Quick. Mr. Broadcloth, what means all this? This young lady is my intended—the lady you've made the habit for.

Broad. Habit, sir? she's got some damned bad habits, if these are her habits.

Quick. You're mad, sir!

Broad. I'm bewitched!

Quick. You're drunk!

Broad. Then it must be with pump water! But you've carried the joke quite far enough—you've given me such a stitch in the side! As I'm a true tailor and an honest citizen, this is my ward and intended—Lucy!

Quick. I tell you, sir, you're mistaken. This lady is my intended.

Lucy. What does the good man mean? I can't understand all this.

Broad. Oh, this confirms it! that's her voice—I should know it from a thousand! Oh, Lucy, Lucy! who would ever have thought you'd have turned out such a tartar! Is this your pretended love? Come home directly, and let me lock and bolt you up till to-morrow, when we'll be married out of hand—for a "stitch in time saves nine."

Lucy. I am amazed—confounded! save me from this madman!

Quick. Mr. Broadcloth, you really stretch this humour too far, sir; and if you do not speedily put an end to your pleasantry, I must be under the necessity of laying the yard measure over your shoulders. Once more, sir, this is my intended bride.

Broad. It's false, sir! it's my intended bride. I don't value your threats a pin—don't care a button for them!

Lucy. My dear Quick, I had better retire to my room. I am terrified to death at this man!

[*Exit Lucy.*]
Broad. (*Going to follow her, but is pulled back by Quick.*) Lucy! why Lucy, I say! oh, the she-dragon! But I'll go to the magistrates! I'll set off to Bow Street—I'll get a warrant—I'll do—I don't know what I won't do!

Quick. What, in the name of fortune, are you at, old gentleman? Where did you leave this same Lucy of yours?

Broad. Where? why at home in her own room, to be sure! where should I leave her? and little did I expect to find her here. But it's magic! sorcery! the devil's been at work!

Quick. I tell you she's not here! return back, and my life on't you'll find her where you left her. Examine before you condemn, sir!

Broad. Fiddle-de-dee! Examine! I'll have an examination before a full bench of magistrates.

Quick. As you please—but don't trouble me with your foolery. Is it my fault that my bride so much resembles yours? you have half-terrified my dear intended into fits. I must go and see how she is; so, sir, I have the honour of wishing you a very good day. (*Showing him the door.*)

Broad. Good day, sir. I'll teach you how to steal away my ward—my intended—my Lucy! Yes, yes!

[*Exit.*]
Quick. Ha, ha, ha! he's off! Lucy! Lucy, my love! quick, quick!

Enter LUCY, in her own dress.

Into your own room directly—and I hope for the last time.

Lucy. My poor guardee, what a taking he's in. I declare I almost pity him.

Quick. We'll soon put him out of his misery. Quick! quick, my love!

(*The picture is pushed aside—Lucy passes through, puts every thing in its place, sits down, and resumes her work—the others listen.*)

Enter BROADCLOTH, out of breath, in his own room. Lucy has turned her back to him—as he sees her he is astonished, and exclaims, as if electrified—

Eh? no! yes! why it is—but it can't be? I'm in a dream. Lucy!

Lucy. My dear guardee, what a time you have been. I was almost tired of waiting for you.

Broad. Can that be true? are you sure you are not deceiving me?

Lucy. Deceiving you! what does my guardee mean?

Broad. Have you not been out of the room since I left you?

Lucy. As I hope to be married, I've not stirred over the threshold of the door to-day!

Broad. I must be enchanted! transmogrified! Lucy, look at me! tell me, do you perceive any alteration in me since I was here last?

Lucy. None—only that you look a little frightened.

Broad. I still look like a man?

Lucy. I should say so—tolerably like one—that is, for a tailor. (*Aside.*)

Broad. Then it must be enchantment! I could have sworn it was her—they were both the very same pattern. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. What is my dear guardee talking about?

Broad. I'll tell you some other time. I've been in a dream—a wonderful dream—a marvellous dream: but I'm awake now. I don't care a button, so long as I find my little charmer, here, working just like another Penelope. I must go and get my measure—I left it next door.

Lucy. What, leave me again? I'm always to be left alone, it seems.

Broad. Not for long. We'll soon be united, duckee, and then I won't leave you alone. I shall be back in three minutes—but, till I do come back, my charmer must excuse me if I take the liberty of locking her in!

Lucy. Locking me in, Mr. Broadcloth!

Broad. Only this once. It isn't because I'm afraid of trusting you—no, no. It's only on account of a wager I've laid, that's all!

Lucy. No matter—it makes no difference to me; I shall bolt the door, as I always do. What my dear guardee wishes must be right.

Broad. The dutiful child! Bye, darling; I shall be back in an instant.

[*Exit locking the door.*]

Lucy. Now then, to be before him. My life on't, he's going to Quick's. [*Exit through aperture, as before.*] My dear Quick, he's coming—he's coming!

Mrs. T. We've heard all—this is famous, indeed.

Quick. Put on the other dress, as before, Lucy.

Mrs. T. Aye, go to my room—don't lose an instant.

[*Exit Lucy, 2 D.*]

Quick. (*Replacing the picture.*) Now then, we're all ready for the old boy. (*Broadcloth knocks without.*) Come in.

Enter BROADCLOTH.

Broad. I must make my apologies, or I shall lose his custom. (*Aside.*) I humbly beg your honour's pardon for the little mistake I made just now, in taking your honour's intended for my Lucy, but when your honour considers that I'm a tailor, and very sedentary, you'll perhaps be good enough to excuse my weakness.

Quick. You have then discovered your error, Mr. Broadcloth.

Broad. I have, your honour. I have just left my ward, and convinced myself I was deceived. There is, certainly, a prodigious likeness, only my Lucy's nose is larger than that of your honour's intended, and her hair not quite so brown: her eyes, too, are different. Your honour sees I'm a keen observer.

Quick. Very—sharp as a needle! you're forgiven, Broadcloth.

Broad. You are too good, Mr. Quick. If it's convenient now to try on the dress, perhaps your honour's intended would—

Quick. Oh, certainly—I'll call her down. My love! my love!

Broad. Does your honour intend living in town?

Quick. I do, Mr. Broadcloth; the country is too dull for my lively disposition.

Broad. And the wedding-day—if I may be so bold—

Quick. Will be to-morrow. Here's the marriage settlement, all drawn up and ready for signing. And by-the-bye, honest neighbour Broadcloth, as it will require to be attested, will you do me the favour to put your name to it as a witness?

Broad. Oh, Mr. Quick!

Quick. I am anxious the name of so worthy a man should grace my marriage settlement. Here is pen and ink—sign, sign! I'll take no denial.

Broad. Since you command, I must do myself the honour. What nice measures this would make! There! *(Signs the settlement.)*

Quick. *(Pocketing it.)* I thank you, Broadcloth, I thank you. Depend upon it, I shan't fail to invite you to the wedding-dinner. Oh, here comes Mrs. Quick, that is to be.

Enter LUCY in Mrs. Trimmer's clothes, as before.

Broad. Death and the devil! it certainly is a terrible likeness—only my Lucy's more superfine.

Quick. My dear girl, Mr. Broadcloth has discovered his mistake, and offers his best apologies.

Broad. Certainly, sir—that is, madam. She's as like as one button is to another! I have the honour to request your acceptance of—astonishment!—this riding-habit—it's the devil's own work—Mrs. Quick. Oh, damn it! She must be my Lucy, spite of everything! why, she's the very same grain!

Quick. Eh, neighbour Broadcloth—you are making your old mistakes again—have a care.

Broad. I beg your honour's pardon. It can't be—I have the key in my pocket—yet, the more I look at her—Madam—the devil take me, if it mustn't be Lucy!

Lucy. Bless me, how wild he looks about the eyes! I hope he won't bite me. Are you subject to these fits, sir?

Broad. Fits, ma'am! Oh, yes, I dare say it will fit! No, damme if it will fit! If it isn't Lucy herself, she must have been cut off the same piece! Never saw such a complete match in my life!

Quick. I'm glad you approve of our match. Never mind trying on the habit; there is no doubt but it will do. So skilful an artist—

Broad. Oh, no doubt, Yes; it must be her! Madam—Lucy—Ward! *(Goes nearer to her.)* I'll be damn'd if it isn't her! There's the mark of the cucumber on her neck!

Lucy. Sir, these liberties! Cannot my person be free from your attacks? Mr. Quick—

Broad. Zounds! mayn't I touch my own—that is, my own that is to be? Oh dear, oh dear; I shall go out of my mind!

Quick. You are already so, I think, sir. But I cannot help pitying your distraction—nay, more, I will be charitable. Since you will have it this lady is your Lucy, go home and fetch this boasted Lucy, and convince yourself by comparing them face to face.

Broad. If you would allow me to do that—They must be twins!

Quick. Certainly. I should like myself to witness this striking resemblance you speak of.

Broad. You shall in one moment; I will not be an instant. I'll fly—I'll—oh, dear! was ever tailor so perplexed? I'm as lost as a needle in a bottle of hay! *[Exit.]*

Lucy. How will all this end?

Quick. As it should do, my adorable Lucy. Your guardian has signed the agreement. You are secured to me—your fortune is secured to you: and now we've only to secure your guardian to Mrs. Trimmer to make all secure. But we haven't a moment to lose.

Enter MRS. TRIMMER, dressed as Lucy.)

Mrs. T. Here I am, all dressed, and ready to commence operations.

Quick. Away, then, through our friendly opening. Play your part well, and doubt not of full success. *(Pulls aside the picture. Mrs. Trimmer passes through, draws the curtain, and sits in Lucy's place.)* Now, then, to play the spy once more!

Lucy. I tremble with fear and apprehension!

Quick. Fear not; you are mine beyond recall!

Enter BROADCLOTH, hastily, into his own room.

Mrs. Trimmer sits with her back towards him.

Broad. Hum! there she is, sitting as if she was sewed to her seat. I was deceived, then, after all. Lucy, my love, my dear, you must come with me to Mr. Quick's and see your likeness all as large as life. We must make haste, duckee; so come along!

Mrs. T. (Getting up, and going towards him.) I'm all ready, guardee.

Broad. Eh? the devil! Oh, Satan, thy power is great! I am cozened at last.

Mrs. T. Fie, guardee! You shouldn't say such naughty words before young ladies.

Broad. Oh, you dragon of Wantley!—you Jezebel!—you Trojan horse!—you barrel of gun-powder! Where is my Lucy? How did you get here? What's the meaning of all this? Am I in my senses?—am I Broadcloth, the tailor?—am I in the world, or is the devil playing at blindman's-buff with me? Speak, thou Sphinx in petticoats!

Mrs. T. Be pacified, my dear friend, and I'll explain all. It is now more than a year since I have pined in secret for you; and, "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on my damask cheek"—

Broad. Damn your cheek! But I won't swear. Oh, you Witch of Endor! where is my Lucy, I say?

Mrs. T. Eh! the dear child! I entrusted her with the story of my love; she was moved at my sufferings, and generously resigned you to my arms!

Broad. I was mad before: but now I shall go raving! She could not—dare not do it!

Mrs. T. She has done it, and heroically determined to marry Mr. Quick in your stead. Inestimable girl!

Broad. Ha! but that I'll prevent.

Mrs. T. She has consented on this condition—that you consent too.

Broad. I breathe again. My consent she never shall obtain.

Mrs. T. But she has obtained it. Have you not already signed the agreement?

Broad. What!

Mrs. T. And promised to come to the wedding-dinner?

Broad. I?

Mrs. T. And made part of the bridal dress?

Broad. The bridal dress—

Mrs. T. And am not I in the flower of my age?

Broad. Flour of brimstone!

Mrs. T. With a respectable house—

Broad. Respectable? Where is my Lucy, I say?

Mrs. T. And two thousand pounds in cash—

Broad. Cash! I'll strangle her!

Mrs. T. Everything insured, too—

Broad. Insured! I'll kill her! Oh, Lucy, Lucy! that ever you should desert me thus. I have now no hope, no joy—

Mrs. T. Yes, one—your faithful, doting Trimmer!

Broad. (*Walking up and down.*) And I never to see it! (*ruminates*) two thousand pounds—

Mrs. T. Besides five hundred on my books—and my stock in trade!

Broad. So fond as I was of her!—a respectable house, in the flower of her age—her poor guardian! loved me these two years! Is your money out at interest?

Mrs. T. In the five-per-cents.

Broad. I must not lose all—Lucy's fortune was only ten thousand. (*Aside.*) My good Mrs. Trimmer—that is, my dear neighbour—if I had known your sentiments before—I have always had a great respect for you in private—but the girl grew up under my own eye, played on my own shop-board, and—what rent does your house bring you in a year?

Mrs. F. Two hundred and thirty!

Broad. So young and pretty—five hundred on the

books—but, then, so artful—besides stock in trade—after her promise, too! But I'll be revenged! yes, to spite the baggage! I'll begin most outrageously to love you, my dear Mrs. Trimmer—we'll be married directly, and—

Mrs. T. There's my hand—it's a bargain!

Broad. Agreed—but how has all this witchcraft been contrived? I thought I couldn't possibly be deceived by the girl—for I locked the door!

Mrs. T. A wiser man than you would have been taken in—behold?

(*Draws back the curtain, Quick and Lucy stand in the opening.*)

Quick and Lucy. Your blessing, sir.

Broad. Ah, you jade—let me get at you!

Quick. Stand off, Broadcloth! were you nine times a man—instead of being only the ninth part of one—I would wage combat with you! Zounds! in the cause of my dear Lucy, I'd fight the seven champions of Christendom—nay the champion of England himself! You have signed your consent to our union, and you pass not here till you have extended your hand in reconciliation, and bestowed on us your blessing.

Mrs. T. Forgive them, my dear Mr. Broadcloth, on my account—it is your bride's first request.

Broad. On your account, my bride. I am nearly mad! the fates, with their damned shears and thread, have been too much for me! I wax sorrowful—I must consent—well, there's my hand! They'll be good customers to me, and Mrs. Trimmer has two thousand in money, besides contingencies so—

(*Gives his hand through aperture.*)

Quick. Love, then, is at last triumphant, and I may embrace my Lucy without alloy.

(*Embraces Lucy.*)

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Broadcloth, won't you also embrace me?

Broad. If you wish it, my love. (*Embraces Mrs. T.*) I've lost my ward, but it can't be helped—any other would have done the same, when there was a handsome young man in the way, and "Pyramus and Thisbe" to help them through the "Party Wall"—and therefore, I throw myself on the mercy of my friends, and hope to be honoured with a continuance of their favours.

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